

£ 6.



THE  
TEMPLE  
OF  
FAME.



*Price One Shilling.*



*The Temple of Fame.*

*L. ud. Cheron inv.*

*Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.*

*Wm* THE *Castle*  
TEMPLE  
OF  
FAME:  
A  
VISION.

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By Mr. POPE. *B*

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT between the two  
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## Advertisement.



*THE Hint of the following Piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The Design is in a manner entirely alter'd, the Descriptions and most of the particular Thoughts my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this Acknowledgment, or think a Concealment of this Nature the less unfair for being common. The Reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his Third Book of Fame, there being nothing in the Two first Books that answers to their Title.*

THE

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THE  
TEMPLE  
OF  
FAME.



IN that soft Season when descending  
Showers  
Call forth the Greens, and wake the  
rising Flowers ;  
When opening Buds salute the welome Day,  
And Earth relenting feels the Genial Ray ;

As

## 8 *The* TEMPLE *of* FAME.

As balmy Sleep had charm'd my Cares to Rest,  
And Love it self was banish'd from my Breast,  
(What Time the Morn mysterious Visions brings,  
While purer Slumber spread their golden Wings)  
A Train of Phantoms in wild Order rose,  
And, join'd, this Intellectual Scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt Earth, Seas, and [Skies ;  
The whole Creation open to my Eyes :  
In Air self-balanc'd hung the Globe below,  
Where Mountains rise, and circling Oceans flow ;  
Here naked Rocks and empty Wastes were seen,  
There tow'ry Cities, and the Forests green :  
Here sailing Ships delight the wand'ring Eyes ;  
There Trees, and intermingl'd Temples rise :

Now

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME 9

Now a clear Sun the shining Scene displays,  
The transient Landscape now in Clouds decays,  
O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,  
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous Sound,  
Like broken Thunders that at distance roar,  
Or Billows murm'ring on the hollow Shoar:  
Then gazing up, a glorious Pile beheld,  
Whose tow'ring Summit ambient Clouds conceal'd.  
High on a Rock of Ice the Structure lay,  
Steep its Ascent, and flipp'ry was the Way;  
The wond'rous Rock like *Parian* Marble shone,  
And seem'd to distant Sight of solid Stone.  
Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,  
The greater Part by hostile Time subdu'd;  
Yet wide was spread their Fame in Ages past,  
And Poets once had promis'd they should last.

10 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;  
I look'd again, nor cou'd their Trace be found.  
Criticks I saw, that others Names deface,  
And fix their own with Labour in their place:  
Their own like others soon their Place resign'd,  
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.  
Nor was the Work impair'd by Storms alone,  
But felt th'Approaches of too warm a Sun:  
For Fame, impatient of Extreame, decays  
Not more by Envy than Excess of Praise.  
Yet Part no Injuries of Heav'n cou'd feel,  
Like Cryстал faithful to the graving Steel:  
The Rock's high Summit, in the Temple's Shade,  
Nor Heat could melt, nor beating Storm invade.  
There Names inscrib'd unnumber'd Ages past  
From Time's first Birth, with Time it self shall last;

These

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. II

These ever new, nor subject to Decays,  
Spread, and grow brighter with the Length of Days.

So *Zembla's* Rocks (the beauteous Work of Frost)  
Rise white in Air, and glitter o'er the Coast;  
Pale Suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on th' impassive Ice the Lightnings play:  
Eternal Snows the growing Mass supply,  
Till the bright Mountains prop th' incumbent Sky:  
As *Atlas* fix'd, each hoary Pile appears,  
The gather'd Winter of a thousand Years.

On this Foundation *Fame's* high Temple stands;  
Stupendous Pile! not rear'd by mortal Hands.  
Whate'er proud *Rome*, or artful *Greece* beheld,  
Or elder *Babylon*, its Frame excell'd.

## 12 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Four Faces had the Dome, and ev'ry Face  
Of various Structure, but of equal Grace ;  
Four brazen Gates, on Columns lifted high,  
Salute the diff'rent Quarters of the Sky.  
Here fabled Chiefs in darker Ages born,  
Or Worthies old, whom Arms or Arts adorn,  
Who Cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous Race ;  
The fourfold Walls in breathing Statues grace ;  
Heroes in animated Marble frown,  
And Legislators seem to think in Stone.

Westward, a sumptuous Frontispiece appear'd,  
On Dorick Pillars of white Marble rear'd,  
Crown'd with an Architrave of antique Mold,  
And Sculpture rising on the roughen'd Gold.

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 13

In shaggy Spoils here *Theseus* was beheld,  
And *Perseus* dreadful with *Minerva's* Shield :  
There great *Alcides* stooping with his Toil,  
Refts on his Club, and holds th' *Hesperian* Spoil.  
Here *Orpheus* sings ; Trees moving to the Sound  
Start from their Roots, and form a Shade around :  
*Amphion* there the loud creating Lyre  
Strikes, and beholds a sudden *Thebes* aspire ;  
*Cytheron's* Ecchoes answer'd to his Call,  
And half the Mountain roll'd into a Wall :  
There might you see the length'ning Spires ascend,  
The Domes swell up, the widening Arches bend,  
The growing Tow'rs like Exhalations rise,  
And the huge Columns heave into the Skies.

The

## 14 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

The Eastern Front was glorious to behold,  
With Diamond flaming, and *Barbarick* Gold.  
There *Ninus* shone, who spread th' *Assyrian* Fame,  
And the great Founder of the *Persian* Name;  
There in long Robes the Royal *Magi* stand,  
Grave *Zoroaster* waves the circling Wand:  
The sage *Chaldeans* rob'd in White appear'd,  
And *Brachmans* deep in desert Woods rever'd.  
These stop'd the Moon, and call'd th' unbod'y'd Shades  
To Midnight Banquets in the glimmering Glades;  
Made visionary Fabricks round them rise,  
And airy Spectres skim before their Eyes;  
Of *Talismans* and *Sigils* knew the Pow'r,  
And careful watch'd the Planetary Hour.  
Superior, and alone, *Confucius* stood,  
Who taught that useful Science, to be good.

But

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 15

But on the South a long Majestick Race  
Of *Ægypt's* Priests the gilded Niches grace,  
Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the starry Spheres,  
And trac'd the long Records of Lunar Years.  
High on his Car *Sesosthis* struck my View,  
Whom scepter'd Slaves in golden Harness drew:  
His Hands a Bow and pointed Jay'lin hold,  
His Giant Limbs are arm'd in Scales of Gold.  
Between the Statues Obelisks were plac'd,  
And the learn'd Walls with Hieroglyphicks grac'd.

Of *Gothick* Structure was the Northern Side,  
O'erwrought with Ornaments of barb'rous Pride.  
There huge Colosses rose, with Trophies crown'd,  
And *Runick* Characters were grav'd around:

There

## 16 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

There fate *Zamolxis* with erected Eyes,  
And *Odin* here in mimick Trances dies.  
There, on rude Iron Columns smear'd with Blood,  
The horrid Forms of *Scythian* Heroes stood,  
*Druids* and *Bards* (their once loud Harps unstrung)  
And Youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.  
These and a thousand more of doubtful Fame,  
To whom old Fables gave a lasting Name,  
In Ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward Face ;  
The Wall in Lustre and Effect like Glass,  
Which o'er each Object casting various Dies,  
Enlarges some, and others multiplies.  
Nor void of Emblem was the mystick Wall,  
For thus Romantick Fame increases all.

The

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 17

The Temple shakes, the founding Gates unfold,  
Wide Vaults appear, and Roofs of fretted Gold,  
Rais'd on a thousand Pillars, wreath'd around  
With Lawrel-Foliage, and with Eagles crown'd:  
Of bright, transparent Beryl were the Walls,  
The Freezes Gold, and Gold the Capitals:  
As Heaven with Stars, the Roof with Jewels glows,  
And ever living Lamps depend in Rows.  
Full in the Passage of each spacious Gate  
The sage Historians in white Garments wait;  
Grav'd o'er their Seats the Form of *Time* was found,  
His Scythe revers'd, and both his Pinions bound.  
Within, stood Heroes who thro' loud Alarms  
In bloody Fields pursu'd Renown in Arms.  
High on a Throne with Trophies charg'd, I view'd  
The *Youth* that all things but himself subdu'd;

## 18 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

His Feet on Sceptres and *Tiara's* trod,  
And his horn'd Head express'd the *Libyan* God.  
There *Cæsar*, grac'd with both *Minerva's*, shone;  
*Cæsar*, the World's great Master, and his own;  
Unmov'd, superior still in every State;  
And scarce detested in his Country's Fate.  
But chief were those who not for Empire fought,  
But with their Toils their People's Safety bought:  
High o'er the rest *Epaminondas* stood;  
*Timoleon*, glorious in his Brother's Blood;  
And *Scipio*, Saviour of the *Roman* State,  
Great in his Triumphs, in Retirement great.

Here too the Wise and Good their Honours claim,  
Much-suff'ring Heroes, of less noisy Fame,

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 19

Fair Virtue's silent Train : Supreme of these  
Here ever shines the Godlike *Socrates*.  
Here triumphs He whom *Athens* did expel,  
In all things Just, but when he sign'd the Shell.  
Here his Abode the martyr'd *Phocion* claims,  
With *Agis*, not the last of *Spartan* Names :  
Unconquer'd *Cato* shews the Wound he tore,  
And *Brutus* his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the Centre of the hallow'd Quire  
Six pompous Column's o'er the rest aspire ;  
Around the Shrine it self of *Fame* they stand,  
Hold the chief Honours, and the Fane command.  
High on the first, the mighty *Homer* shone ;  
Eternal Adamant compos'd his Throne ;

## 20 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Father of Verse ! in holy Fillets dress'd,  
His Silver Beard wav'd gently o'er his Breast ;  
Tho' blind, a Boldness in his Looks appears,  
In Years he seem'd, but not impair'd by Years.  
The Wars of *Troy* were round the Pillar seen :  
Here fierce *Tydidēs* wounds the *Cyprian* Queen :  
Here *Hector* glorious from *Patroclus* Fall,  
Here dragg'd in Triumph round the *Trojan* Wall,  
Motion and Life did ev'ry Part inspire,  
Bold was the Work, and prov'd the Master's Fire ;  
A strong Expression most he seem'd to affect,  
And here and there disclos'd a brave Neglect.

A Golden Column next in Rank appear'd,  
On which a Shrine of purest Gold was rear'd ;

Finish'd

## *The* TEMPLE *of* FAME. 21

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry Part,  
With patient Touches of unweary'd Art :  
The *Mantuan* there in sober Triumph fate,  
Compos'd his Posture, and his Look sedate ;  
On *Homer* still he fix'd a reverend Eye,  
Great without Pride, in modest Majesty.  
In living Sculpture on the Sides were spread  
The *Latian* Wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead ;  
*Eliza* stretch'd upon the fun'ral Pyre,  
*Aeneas* bending with his aged Sire :  
*Troy* flam'd in burnish'd Gold, and o'er the Throne  
*Arms and the Man* in Golden Cyphers shone.

Four Swans sustain a Carr of Silver bright,  
With Heads advanc'd, and Pinions stretch'd for  
Flight :

Here

## 22 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Here, like some furious Prophet, *Pindar* rode,  
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.  
A-cross the Harp a careless Hand he flings,  
And boldly sinks into the sounding Strings,  
The figur'd Games of *Greece* the Column grace,  
*Neptune* and *Jove* survey the rapid Race :  
The Youth's hang o'er their Chariots as they run ;  
The fiery Steeds seem starting from the Stone ;  
The Champions in distorted Postures threat,  
And all appear'd Irregularly great.

Here happy *Horace* tun'd th' *Ausonian* Lyre  
To sweeter Sounds, and temper'd *Pindar's* Fire :  
Pleas'd with *Alcæus* manly Rage t'infuse  
The softer Spirit of the *Sapphick* Muse.

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 23

The polish'd Pillar different Sculptures grace;  
A Work outlasting Monumental Brass.  
Here smiling *Loves* and *Bacchanals* appear,  
The *Julian* Star and Great *Augustus* here.  
The Doves that round the Infant Poet spread  
Myrtles and Bays, hung hov'ring o'er his Head.

Here in a Shrine that cast a dazling Light,  
Sate fix'd in Thought the mighty *Stagyrite*;  
His Sacred Head a radiant Zodiack crown'd,  
And various Animals his Sides furround;  
His piercing Eyes, erect, appear to view  
Superior Worlds, and look all Nature thro'.

With equal Rays immortal *Tully* shone,  
The *Roman Rostra* deck'd the Consul's Throne:

Gath'ring

## 24 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Gath'ring his flowing Robe, he seem'd to stand,  
In Act to speak, and graceful, stretch'd his Hand:  
Behind, *Rome's Genius* waits with *Civick* Crowns,  
And the Great Father of his Country owns.

These massie Columns in a Circle rise,  
O'er which a pompous Dome invades the Skies:  
Scarce to the Top I stretch'd my aking Sight,  
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a Height.  
Full in the midst, proud *Fame's* Imperial Seat  
With Jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;  
The vivid Em'ralsds there revive the Eye;  
The flaming Rubies shew their sanguine Dye;  
Bright azure Rays from lively Saphirs stream,  
And lucid Amber casts a Golden Gleam.

With

*The* TEMPLE of FAME. 25

With various-colour'd Lights the Pavement shone,  
And all on fire appear'd the glowing Throne;  
The Dome's high Arch reflects the mingled Blaze,  
And forms a Rainbow of alternate Rays.  
When on the *Goddeſs* firſt I caſt my Sight,  
Scarce ſeem'd her Stature of a Cubit's height,  
But ſwell'd to larger Size, the more I gaz'd,  
Till to the Roof her tow'ring Front ſhe rais'd.  
With her, the Temple ev'ry Moment grew,  
And ampler *Viſta's* open'd to my View,  
Upward the Columns ſhoot, the Roofs aſcend,  
And Arches widen, and long Iles extend.  
Such was her Form, as antient Bards have told,  
Wings raiſe her Arms, and Wings her Feet infold;  
A Thouſand buſy Tongues the *Goddeſs* bears,  
And Thouſand open Eyes, and Thouſand liſt'ning

D

Beneath

## 26 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Beneath, in Order rang'd, the tuneful Nine  
(Her Virgin Handmaids) still attend the Shrine :  
With Eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;  
For Fame they raise the Voice, and tune the String.  
With Time's first Birth began the Heav'nly Lays,  
And last Eternal thro' the Length of Days.

Around these Wonders as I cast a Look,  
The Trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook,  
And all the Nations, summon'd at the Call,  
From diff'rent Quarters fill the crowded Hall :  
Of various Tongues the mingled Sounds were heard ;  
In various Garbs promiscuous Throngs appear'd ;  
Thick as the Bees, that with the Spring renew  
Their flow'ry Toils, and sip the fragrant Dew,

When

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 27

When the wing'd Colonies first tempt the Sky,  
O'er dusky Fields and shaded Waters fly,  
Or settling, seize the Sweets the Blossoms yield,  
And a low Murmur runs along the Field,  
Millions of suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,  
And all Degrees before the Goddess bend ;  
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,  
And boasting Youth, and Narrative old Age.  
Their Pleas were diff'rent, their Request the same,  
For Good and Bad alike are fond of Fame.  
Some she disgrac'd, and some with Honours crown'd;  
Unlike Successes equal Merits found.  
Thus her blind Sister, fickle *Fortune* reigns,  
And undiscerning, scatters Crowns and Chains.

## 28 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

First at the Shrine the Learned World appear,  
And to the Goddess thus prefer their Prayer :  
Long have we fought t'instruct and please Mankind,  
With Studies pale, with Midnight Vigils blind ;  
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,  
We here appeal to thy superior Throne :  
On Wit and Learning the just Prize bestow,  
For *Fame* is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise  
The Golden Trumpet of eternal Praise ;  
From Pole to Pole the Winds diffuse the Sound,  
That fills the Circuit of the World around ;  
Not all at once, as Thunder breaks the Cloud ;  
The Notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;

By

## *The* TEMPLE *of* FAME. 29

By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,  
Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the Skies.  
At ev'ry Breath were balmy Odours shed,  
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:  
Less fragrant Scents th' unfolding Rose exhales,  
Or Spices breathing in *Arabian* Gales.

Next these the Good and Just, an awful Train,  
Thus on their Knees address'd the sacred Fane.  
Since living Virtue is with Envy curst,  
And the best Men are treated like the worst,  
Do thou, just Goddess, call our Merits forth,  
And give each Deed th' exact intrinsic Worth.  
Not with bare Justice shall your Act be crown'd,  
(Said Fame) but high above Desert renown'd:

Let

30 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Let fuller Notes th' applauding World amaze,  
And the loud Clarion labour in your Praise.

This Band dismiss'd, behold another Crowd  
Prefer'd the same Request, and lowly bow'd,  
The constant Tenour of whose well spent Days  
No less deserv'd a just Return of Praise.  
But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds,  
Thro' the big Dome the doubling Thunder bounds:  
Loud as the Burst of Cannon rends the Skies,  
The dire Report thro' ev'ry Region flies:  
In ev'ry Ear incessant Rumours rung,  
And gath'ring Scandals grew on ev'ry Tongue.  
From the black Trumpet's rusty Concave broke  
Sulphureous Flames, and Clouds of rolling Smoke:

## *The* TEMPLE *of* FAME. 31

The pois'nous Vapor blots the purple Skies,  
And withers all before it as it flies.

A Troop came next, who Crowns and Armour  
(wore,  
And proud Defiance in their Looks they bore:

For thee (they cry'd) amidst Alarms and Strife,

We fail'd in Tempests down the Stream of Life;

For thee whole Nations fill'd with Flames and

Blood,

And swam to Empire thro' the purple Flood:

Those Ills we dar'd thy Inspiration own,

And all that Virtue seem'd was done for thee alone.

Ambitious Fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)

Be all your Acts in dark Oblivion crown'd;

There sleep forgot, with mighty Tyrants gone,

Your Statues moulder'd, and your Names unknown.

A sud-

## 32 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

A sudden Cloud strait snatch'd them from my Sight,  
And each Majestick Phantom sunk in Night.

Then came the smallest Tribe I yet had seen,  
Plain was their Dress, and modest was their Mein.

Great Idol of Mankind! we neither claim  
The Praise of Merit, nor aspire to Fame;  
But safe in Deserts from the Applause of Men,  
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from Sight  
Those Acts of Goodness, which themselves requite.  
O let us still the secret Joy partake,  
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake.

And live there Men who slight immortal Fame?  
Who then with Incense shall adore our Name?

But A

But

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 33

But, Mortals know, 'tis still our greatest Pride,  
To blaze those Virtues which the Good would hide.  
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful Breath,  
These must not sleep in Darkness and in Death.  
She said: in Air the trembling Musick floats,  
And up the Winds triumphant swell the Notes;  
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,  
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from Heaven to hear:  
To farthest Shores th' Ambrosial Spirit flies,  
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies.

Next these a youthful Train their Vows exprest,  
With Feathers crown'd, with gay Embroid'ry drest:  
Hither, they cry'd, direct your Eyes, and see  
The Men of Pleasure, Dress, and Gallantry:

E

Ours

## 34 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Ours is the Place at Banquets, Balls and Plays;  
Sprightly our Nights, polite are all our Days;  
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing Care  
To pay due Visits, and address the Fair:  
In fact, 'tis true, no Nymph we cou'd persuade,  
But still in Fancy vanquish'd ev'ry Maid;  
Of unknown Dutcheffes leud Tales we tell,  
Yet would the World believe us, all were well.  
The Joy let others have, and we the Name,  
And what we want in Pleasure, grant in Fame.

The Queen assents, the Trumpet rends the Skies,  
And at each Blast a Lady's Honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange Success, vast Numbers  
    prest

Around the Shrine, and made the same Request:

What

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 35

What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in Arts to please,  
Slaves to your selves, and ev'n fatigu'd with Ease,  
Who lose a Length of undeserving Days ;  
Wou'd you usurp the Lover's dear-bought Praise ?  
To just Contempt, ye vain Pretenders, fall,  
The Peoples Fable, and the Scorn of all.  
Strait the black Clarion sends a horrid Sound,  
Loud Laughs burst out, and bitter Scoffs fly round,  
Whispers were heard, with Taunts reviling loud,  
And scornful Hisses ran thro' all the Croud.

Last, those who boast of mighty Mischiefs done,  
Enslave their Country, or usurp a Throne ;  
Or who their Glory's dire Foundation laid,  
On Sovereigns ruin'd, or on Friends betray'd,

## 36 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Calm, thinking Villains, whom no Faith can fix,  
Of crooked Counfels and dark Politicks;  
Of these a gloomy Tribe furround the Throne,  
And beg to make th' immortal Treasons known.  
The Trumpet roars, long flaky Flames expire,  
With Sparks, that seem'd to set the World on fire.  
At the dread Sound, pale Mortals stood aghast,  
And startled Nature trembled with the Blast.

This having heard and seen, some Pow'r un-  
known

Strait chang'd the Scene, and snatch'd me from the  
Throne.

Before my View appear'd a Structure fair,  
Its Site uncertain, if in Earth or Air;

With

## *The* TEMPLE *of* FAME. 37

With rapid Motion turn'd the Mansion round;  
With ceaseless Noise the ringing Walls resound:  
Not less in Number were the spacious Doors,  
Than Leaves on Trees, or Sands upon the Shores;  
Which still unfolded stand, by Night, by Day,  
Pervious to Winds, and open ev'ry way.  
As Flames by Nature to the Skies ascend,  
As weighty Bodies to the Center tend,  
As to the Sea returning Rivers roll,  
And the touch'd Needle trembles to the Pole:  
Hither, as to their proper Place, arise  
All various Sounds from Earth, and Seas, and Skies,  
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the Ear;  
Nor ever Silence, Rest or Peace is here.  
As on the smooth Expanse of Crystal Lakes,  
The sinking Stone at first a Circle makes;

The

## 38 *The* TEMPLE *of* FAME.

The trembling Surface, by the Motion stir'd,  
 Spreads in a second Circle, then a third;  
 Wide, and more wide, the floating Rings advance,  
 Fill all the wat'ry Plain, and to the Margin dance.  
 Thus ev'ry Voice and Sound, when first they break,  
 On neighb'ring Air a soft Impression make;  
 Another ambient Circle then they move,  
 That, in its turn, impels the next above;  
 Thro' undulating Air the Sounds are sent,  
 And spread o'er all the fluid Element.

There various News I heard, of Love and Strife,  
 Of Peace and War, Health, Sickneſs, Death, and  
 Life;  
 Of Loſs and Gain, of Famine and of Store,  
 Of Storms at Sea, and Travels on the Shore,

Of

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 39

Of Prodigies, and Portents seen in Air,  
Of Fires and Plagues, and Stars with blazing Hair,  
Of Turns of Fortune, Changes in the State,  
The Falls of Fav'rites, Projects of the Great,  
Of old Mismanagements, Taxations new ;—  
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,  
Confus'd, unnumber'd Multitudes are found,  
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;  
Hosts rais'd by Fear, and Phantoms of a Day.  
Astrologers, that future Fates foresaw,  
Projectors, Quacks, and Lawyers not a few ;  
And Priests and Party-Zealors, num'rous Bands  
With home-born Lyes, or Tales from foreign Lands ;

Each

## 40 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret Place,  
And wild Impatience star'd in ev'ry Face :  
The flying Rumours gather'd as they roll'd,  
Scarce any Tale was sooner heard than told;  
And all who told it, added something new,  
And all who heard it, made Enlargements too,  
In ev'ry Ear it spread, on ev'ry Tongue it grew.  
Thus flying East and West, and North and South,  
News travel'd with Increase from Mouth to Mouth ;  
So from a Spark, that kindled first by Chance,  
With gath'ring Force the quick'ning Flames advance ;  
Till to the Clouds their curling Heads aspire,  
And Tow'rs and Temples sink in Floods of Fire.

When

## *The* TEMPLE of FAME. 41

When thus ripe Lyes are to perfection sprung,  
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal Tongue,  
Thro' thousand Vents, impatient forth they flow,  
And rush in Millions on the World below.  
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their Course,  
Their Date determines, and prescribes their Force:  
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,  
Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon;  
Around a thousand winged Wonders fly,  
Born by the Trumpet's Blast, and scatter'd thro' the  
Sky.

There, at one Passage, oft you might survey  
A Lye and Truth contending for the way;  
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,  
Which first should issue thro' the narrow Vent?

## 42 *The TEMPLE of FAME.*

At last agreed, together out they fly,  
Inseparable now, the Truth and Lye;  
The strict Companions are for ever join'd,  
And this or that unmix'd, no Mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my Ear;  
What cou'd thus high thy rash Ambition raise?  
Art thou, fond Youth, a Candidate for Praise?

'Tis true, said I, not void of Hopes I came,  
For who so fond as youthful Bards of Fame?  
But few, alas! the casual Blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost:  
How vain that second Life in others Breath,  
Th' Estate which Wits inherit after Death!

Ease,

*The* TEMPLE of FAME. 43

Ease, Health, and Life, for this we must resign,  
(Unsure the Tenure, but how vast the Fine!)  
The Great Man's Curse without the Gains endure,  
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd poor;  
All luckless Wits our Enemies profess,  
And all successful, jealous Friends at best.  
Nor Fame I flight, nor for her Favours call;  
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all:  
But if the Purchase costs so dear a Price,  
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:  
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless Sway,  
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;  
Or if no Basis bear my rising Name,  
But the fall'n Ruins of Another's Fame;  
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty Bays;  
Drive from my Breast that wretched Lust of Praise;

## 44 *The* TEMPLE of FAME.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,

Oh grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!



## NOTES



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# N O T E S.

**S**OME modern Criticks, from a pretended Refinement of Taste, have declar'd themselves unable to relish allegorical Poems. 'Tis not easy to penetrate into the meaning of this Criticism; for if Fable be allow'd one of the chief Beauties, or as Aristotle calls it, the very Soul of Poetry, 'tis hard to comprehend how that Fable should be the less valuable for having a Moral. The Ancients constantly made use of Allegories: My Lord Bacon has compos'd an express Treatise in proof of this, entitled, *The Wisdom of the Antients*; where the Reader may see several particular Fictions exemplify'd and explain'd with great Clearness, Judgment and Learning. The Incidents indeed, by which the Allegory is convey'd, must be vary'd, according to the different Genius or Manners of different Times: and they should never be spun too long, or too much clogg'd with trivial Circumstances, or little Particularities. We find an uncommon Charm in Truth, when it is convey'd by this Side-way to our Understanding; and 'tis observable, that even in the most ignorant Ages this way of Writing has found Reception. Almost all the Poems in the old Provençal

vençal had this Turn; and from these it was that Petrarch took the Idea of his Poetry. We have his Trionfi in this kind; and Boccace pursu'd in the same Track. Soon after Chaucer introduc'd it here, whose Romaunt of the Rose, Court of Love, Flower and the Leaf, House of Fame, and some others of his Writings are Master-pieces of this sort. In Epick Poetry, 'tis true, too nice and exact a Pursuit of the Allegory is justly esteem'd a Fault; and Chaucer had the Discernment to avoid it in his Knight's Tale, which was an Attempt towards an Epick Poem. Ariosto, with less judgment, gave intirely into it in his Orlando; which tho' carry'd to an Excess, had yet so much Reputation in Italy, that Tasso (who reduc'd Heroick Poetry to the juster Standard of the Ancients) was forc'd to prefix to his Work a scrupulous Explanation of the Allegory of it, to which the Fable it-self could scarce have directed his Readers. Our Countryman Spencer follow'd, whose Poem is almost intirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of Ariosto rather than that of Tasso. Upon the whole, one may observe this sort of Writing (however discontinued of late) was in all Times so far from being rejected by the best Poets, that some of them have rather err'd by insisting in it too closely, and carrying it too far: And that to infer from thence that the Allegory it self is vicious, is a presumptuous Contradiction to the Judgment and Practice of the greatest Genius's, both ancient and modern.

Pag. 11. ver. 3. So Zembla's Rocks, &c.

Tho' a short Verisimilitude be not requir'd in the Descriptions of this visionary and allegorical kind of Poetry, which admits of every wild Object that Fancy may present in a Dream, and where it is sufficient if the moral Meaning atone for the Improbability: Yet Men are naturally so desirous of Truth, that a Reader is generally pleas'd, in such a Case, with some Excuse or Allusion that seems to reconcile the Description to Probability and Nature. The Simile here is of that sort, and renders it not wholly unlikely that a Rock of Ice should remain for ever, by mentioning something like it in the Northern Regions, agreeing with the Accounts of our modern Travellers.

P. 12. ver. 1. Four Faces had the Dome, &c.

The Temple is describ'd to be square, the four Fronts with open Gates facing the different Quarters of the World, as an Intimation that all Nations of the Earth may alike be receiv'd into it. The Western Front is of Grecian Architecture: the Dorick Order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Warriors. Those whose Statues are here mention'd, were the first Names of old Greece in Arms and Arts.

Pag. 13. ver. 3. There great Alcides, &c.

This Figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the Position of the famous Statue of Farnese.

Pag.

Pag. 14. ver. 4. And the great Founder of the Persian Name.

Cyrus was the Beginner of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employ'd their Studies upon Magick and Astrology, which was in a manner almost all the Learning of the antient Asian People. We have scarce any Account of a moral Philosopher except Confucius, the great Lawgiver of the Chinese, who liv'd about two thousand Years ago.

Pag. 15. ver. 2. Egypt's Priests, &c.

The Learning of the old Egyptian Priests consisted for the most part in Geometry and Astronomy: They also preserv'd the History of their Nation. Their greatest Hero upon Record is Sesostris, whose Actions and Conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caus'd the Kings he vanquish'd to draw him in his Chariot. The Posture of his Statue, in these Verses, is correspondent to the Description which Herodotus gives of one of this Prince's Statues remaining in his own time.

Pag. 15. ver. 11. Of Gothick Structure was the Northern Side.

The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the World. The Learning of the Northern Nations lay more obscure than that of the rest. Zamolxis was

was the Disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the Immortality of the Soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great Legislator and Hero of the Goths. They tell us of him that being subject to Fits, he persuaded his Followers, that during those Trances he receiv'd Inspirations from whence he dictated his Laws. He is said to have been the Inventor of the Runic Characters.

Pag. 16. ver. 5. Druids and Bards, &c.

These were the Priests and Poets of those People, so celebrated for their savage Virtue. Those heroick Barbarians accounted it a Dishonour to die in their Beds, and rush'd on to certain Death in the Prospect of an After-Life, and for the Glory of a Song from their Bards in Praise of their Actions.

Pag. 17. ver. ult. The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd.

Alexander the Great: The Tiara was the Crown peculiar to the Asian Princes: His Desire to be thought the Son of Jupiter-Ammon caus'd him to wear the Horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his Coins, which was continu'd by several of his Successors.

Pag. 18. ver. 10. Timoleon glorious in his Brother's Blood,

Timoleon had sav'd the Life of his Brother Timophanes in the Battel between the Argives

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and

and Corinthians ; but afterwards kill'd him when he affected the Tyranny, preferring his Duty to his Country to all the Obligations of Blood.

Pag. 19. ver. 3. — He whom Athens did expel,

In all things just, but when he sign'd the Shell.

Aristides, who for his great Integrity was distinguish'd by the Appellation of the Just. When his Countrymen would have banish'd him by the Ostracism, where it was the Custom for every Man to sign the Name of the Person he voted to Exile in an Oyster-Shell ; a Peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily sign'd his own Name. Vide Plutarch. See the same Author of Phocion, Agis, &c.

Pag. 19. ver. 9. But in the Center of the hallow'd Quire, &c.

In the midst of the Temple, nearest the Throne of Fame, are plac'd the greatest Names in Learning of all Antiquity. These are describ'd in such Attitudes as express their different Characters. The Columns on which they are rais'd are adorn'd with Sculptures, taken from the most striking Subjects of their Works ; which are so executed, as that the Sculpture bears a Resemblance in its Manner and Character, to the Manner and Character of their Writings.

Pag.

# NOTES.

51

Pag. 21. ver. 13. Four Swans sustain, &c.

Pindar being seated in a Chariot, alludes to the Chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The Swans are the Emblems of the Ode, as their soaring Posture intimates the Sublimity and Activity of his Genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games.

Pag. 22. ver. 13. Pleas'd with *Alcaeus* Man-ly Rage t' infuse  
The softer Spirit of the *Sapphick* Muse.

This expresses the mixt Character of the Odes of Horace. The second of these Verses alludes to that Line of his :

Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camoenæ.

As another which follows, to that,

Exegi Monumentum ære perennius.

The Action of the Doves hints at a Passage in the 4th Ode of his third Book.

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,  
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,  
Ludo fatigatumque somno,  
Fronde nova puerum Palumbes  
Texere ; mirum quod foret omnibus——  
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis  
Dormirem & ursis : ut permerer sacra

G 2

Lauro-

Pag.

Lauroque, collataque myrto,  
Non fine Dis animosus infans.

*Which may be thus English'd;*

*While yet a Child, I chanc'd to stray,  
And in a Desert sleeping lay;  
The savage Race withdrew, nor dar'd  
To touch the Muses future Bard:  
But Cytheræa's gentle Dove  
Myrtles and Bays around me spread,  
And crown'd your Infant Poet's Head,  
Sacred to Musick and to Love.*



FINIS.

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